

# East 3rd St.

## Quicksand

I was so sincere, I see more clearly now  
I trust new friends just like I can throw them  
Fading traces of a future leader  
A summer squatting, I know I won't see them 'round next year  
And this is all over my head  
And this is all over my head  
Rain, it's rain again  
Rain, down on my parade  
I'm wrong, you're right  
It's not what you would do  
Rain, walk one mile in these shoes  
In these careless days  
You know who your friends are a saving grace  
A time to remember, what you're taken and who you took from  
There's no mistaking, what you give is what you get  
And this is all over my head  
And this is all over my head  
Rain, it's rain again  
Rain, down on my parade  
I'm wrong, you're right  
It's not what you would do  
Rain, walk one mile in these shoes  
Change of Red Guard, every summer  
They are handing, the park over  
An ideal, idealistic  
It's not real, it's just a trick  
Rain, play a judge  
All you want to  
It makes no difference to me  
It's raining again  
It's raining again  
It's raining again

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